

375
ALBION:

OR, THE
COURT of NEPTUNE.

A
MASQUE.

By Thomas Cooke.

Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo ;

Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna. *Virgil.*

But now I see, since Albion is restor'd,

Death has no Bus'ness, nor the 'vengeful Sword.

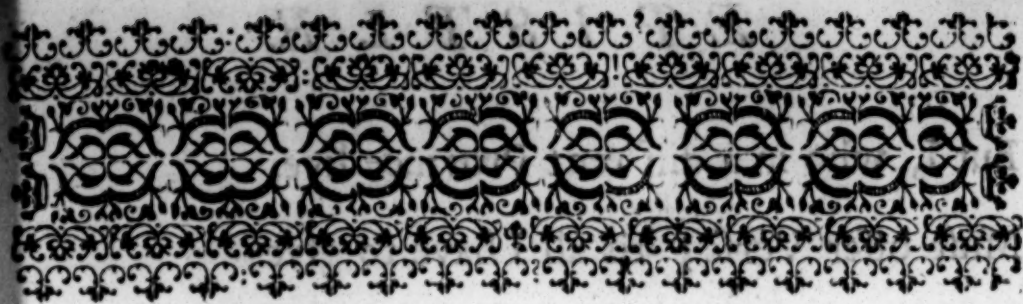
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A— H—nd, Esq;

E Nrich'd by Conquest youthful Warriors come;
Deck'd with proud Spoils, and crown'd with
[Laurels, home;
The prancing Steed, the Sword, or well prov'd Shield,
Falls to the Man who form'd them for the Field.
Thus the young Heroes pay their Tutor's Care,
With the first Trophies of the Toils of War.

E P I S T L E.

But I, who in a diff'rent Province live,
Must offer Verse; 'tis all I have to give;
'Tis what, dear Sir, is to your Merits due;
If here are Beauties they're deriv'd from you;
'Twas you who pointed out the Way to Fame,
Bad me be bold, and dare deserve a Name.

Young, and unskill'd, into the World I came,
Could boast no Favours from the hood-wink'd Dame;
Naked was thrown among the Sons of Earth;
Such the malignant Stars that rul'd my Birth!
Where could I steer my Course? What Methods use?
An able Guide in Life — a Virgin Muse!
'Advent'rous Boy, with her to trust thy Fame,
By boldly trifling with a *Marlb'rough's* Name!
If through the Field disorderly I ran,
'And left undrawn much of the mighty Man;

EPISTLE.

If the weak Produce of those early Days,
Want of just Thought, or Harmony, betrays;
If I am blam'd, I grant the Censure true;
I labour'd singly, and in want of you.
Let others boast the Privilege they have,
In what you freely to the Publick gave;
Which not to me, but to the World is due:
I pride me in a greater Share of you.
You shew'd me when to stoop, or be sublime;
The Art of Thinking, and the Charms of Rhime;
With other Myst'ries of the sacred Train,
Found out by few, by many fought in vain.

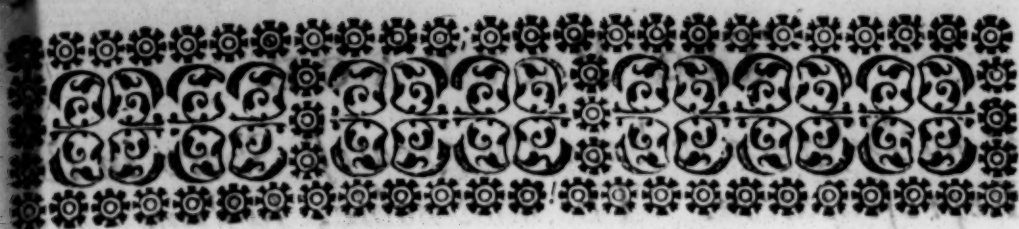
To paint the Prospect of great *Brunswick's* Sway,
I call'd the Gods from Heav'n, and from the Sea.
Weak was my Pow'r for such a Work divine;
Weak was all Aid; till I was blest'd with thine.

Mos-

EPISTLE.

Moschus e'er long shall tread the *British* Plains,
And chant in *Albion* Groves *Sicilian* Strains.
Our Swains shall hear, while you Assistance bring,
How *Bion*, lovely *Bion*, us'd to sing.
With such a Friend, form'd and inclin'd like you,
What may not I attempt, what hope to do!





THE

PREFACE.

ANY, doubtless, will wonder at the
M reviving a Sort of Poetry that has
been so long out of Date; and in
which so very few, of late Days,
have wrote. I cannot help wondering, that
among so many happy Genius's, that have been
eminent in other Things, scarcely any have at-
tempted at this Way of writing. I never yet
have heard any, whose Judgment I would much
depend upon, speak against it; but I have heard
one of our best Judges speak in the Behalf there-
of, from whom I had no small Encouragement
to proceed in this.

That this Kind of Poetry was had in the
highest Esteem among some of our most celebra-
ted Poets, and profound Judges, in former
Ages, is too well known to need many Proofs.
The noblest Families in England have assisted
in the Performance; even Princes have thought
it

The PREFACE.

it no Disgrace to have the greatest Share in the Representation. The most noble, sublime, nay, the most solemn Subjects, are the fittest for this Sort of Dramatick Poetry; and, that the Subject I have now chosen is worthy of it, none will (or at least dare) dispute.

If we were to make a strict Inquiry into the Original, of this Way of Writing, I believe we should find it (tho' not call'd by the same Name it now is) almost, if not quite, as old as Pastoral; and it is not unlikely that Thespis was the Inventor of both; for it is very natural to suppose, that at the Birth of Dramatick Poetry, Bacchus and Silenus, who were always favourite Gods, were personated by some of the Actors, with their Faces besmeared with Berries, or the Lees of Wine. Altho' the Scene for Pastoral is fix'd in the Country, the Persons represented are sometimes Gods; and tho' every Masque may not be a Pastoral, (the Scenary thereof not being confined to the Country only) some Pastorals may very justly be called by both Names. The Silenus of Virgil, with a little Alteration, would make a Dramatick Performance, and be made to answer the true Design of a Masque: In the Character of
that

The PREFACE.

that God, Virgil makes a fine Compliment to his Friend and Patron, Quintilius Varus.

I now come to our own Country ; where Three the greatest Poets, of three different Ages, are excellent in this manner of Writing. Ben. Johnson, as in most of his other Dramatick Pieces, has something of the Comic in them, that the others have not ; such as his prosaick Prologues, which he made more in Conformity to the Humour of the Age he lived in, than for any Thing else. As Milton was made to excel, so has he particularly in his Masque presented at Ludlow Castle ; to praise which in the best Language I can, is to advise every Body to read it. Mr. Congreve is not less admirable in his Judgment of Paris. We have some few others who have endeavoured to write in this Way ; but let it suffice, that we have Three such Examples, as Ben. Johnson, Milton, and Congreve.





The PERSONS.

GODS.

Jupiter.

Neptune, *God of the Seas.*

Æolus, *God of the Winds.*

Triton, *Neptune's Trumpeter.*

Nereus,

Glaucus,

Palaemon,



Sea-Gods.

GODDESSES.

Amphitrite, *Goddeſs of the Seas, and Neptune's Queen.*

Thetis, *a Goddeſs of the Sea.*

Sea-Gods, and Sea-Nymphs.

Scene, the British Seas.





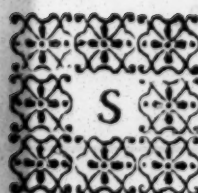
ALBION:

OR THE

COURT of NEPTUNE.

Neptune arises, attended by Triton his
Trumpeter, and other Sea-Gods. Æolus
descends in a Cloud.

NEPTUNE.

TERN Æolus command your blust'ring
[Slaves,
To exercise their Rage no more,
Upon my peaceful Waves.

Some distant Northern Rock unbar ;
 Quick confine your *Boreas* there ;
 Nor let him drive tempestuous Air,
 To blacken all the Sky :
 The God, my Brother God, descends from high,

Æ O L U S.

'Tis done, 'tis done, nor have you spoke in vain ;
 Now think him bound in Adamantine Chain :

Zephyr too shall cease to blow ;

None shall ruffle you below.

Eurus shall lend a gentle Breeze,

Soft as Sleep, and calm as Ease ;

He shall serenely waft him o'er,

And land him safe on *Britain's* Shore.

To *Jove* submissive I'll obey,

Nor let one Cloud oppose his Way,

But every Mist expel, and clear the Face of Day.

N E P.

COURT of NEPTUNE. 13

NEPTUNE.

'Tis in me the Floods to bind.

ÆOLUS.

'Tis in me to curb the Wind.

I'll choose a Cloud distinguishingly bright,

And ride refulgent in the Blaze of Day ;

And (if it dares approach) dispel the Night ;

And chase the Darkness that obstructs the Way.

Æolus ascends.

NEPTUNE.

He rides on a Cloud,

We'll ride on a Flood.

As the Winds all obey,

So the Waves shall give Way,

For Jove to cross the Main.

Burst

14 ALBION: Or the

Burst all ye Billows, and no longer roar,
Lay by your Rage, and cease to lash the Shore.
Since *Æolus* has laid the Winds asleep,
With this * I'll smoothe the Surface of the Deep.

Chorus of Sea-Gods.

He rides on a Cloud,
We'll ride on a Flood,
As the Winds all obey,
So the Waves shall give Way,
For *Jove* to cross the Main.

NEPTUNE.

Sound, *Triton*, your Shell, sound, sound it aloud,
Call all the Gods from their silent Abode ;

* Neptune shakes his *Trident*.

COURT of NEPTUNE. 15

If in the *Baltick*, or the *Euxine* Sea,
Or far beyond the Bounds of *Ind* they be,
Summons them here once more to view the Day;
'Tis *Jove* and I command, they must obey.

Triton sounds his Shell. Nereus, Glaucus, Palæmon,
&c. arise.

NEPTUNE.

Ye Gods, and Demi-Gods, draw near;

'Tis *Jove*, and I, command you here:

Jove has descended once again,

To cross my Seas, and grace the Main.

Your Rev'rence justly he does claim,

From Pow'r and Merit, as from Fame.

You *Glaucus*, and *Palemon* wait;

And whilst I go, attend in State.

I fetch my *Amphitrite*, my *Queen*,

And *Thetis'* silver-footed Train.

Both

16 ALBION : Or the

Both Gods and Goddeses shall prove

That all their Glory's from above ;

And hail my Brother, mighty *Jove*.

Neptune desc

GLAUCUS.

What God-inchanting Nymph has *Jove* betray'd ?

Say, my *Palamon*, who's the wond'rous Maid ?

Whose Eyes allure the am'rous God below ?

And who the Fair that makes the Thund'rer bow

Comes he with his *Europa*'s here again ?

Or with his *Io*'s to disturb the Main ?

If *Juno*'s Charms are not enough for *Jove*,

But he admires Variety in Love,

Let it suffice to act his Joys above :

With his Amours not thus molest our Sea ;

We are, *Palamon*, Gods as well as He.

P A L

PALÆMON.

We are ; but, *Glaucus*, all below,
To his superior Godhead bow,
And owe to him our being so.
He gives to each his proper Sway,
Whether in Earth, in Air, or Sea ;
We are obey'd, and must obey.
If *Jove* for *Io* vows a Flame ;
Or if he's charm'd with *Leda's* Frame ;
Or burns for the fair * *Grecian* Dame ;
Or if for *Semele* he sighs ;
Or by another's brighter Eyes,
The Deathless languishes, and dies ;

* *Alcmena*

Why envy you propitious *Jove*?

He hinders not that we should love;

We draw Examples from above.

If *Jove* has had his Loves divine,

Neptune hath had his Nymphs marine,

And *Pluto* has his *Proserpine*.

And, *Glaucus*, we can love as well,

But if our Charms can not prevail,

Not *Jove*, the Nymph does us repel.

Prophetick *Nereus*, say, for you

Can tell what *Jove* designs to do;

Or you, or none, I'm sure must know.

N E R E U S.

To me, ye Gods marine, 'tis giv'n

To know the secret Will of Heav'n;

COURT of NEPTUNE. 19

Of I unfold the Book of Fate,
And see what lies conceal'd in that.
Cities to build are in my View,
And tow'ring Castles, Kingdoms too,
Princes unborn, Monarchs to come,
I see their Rise, I see their Doom.
Heroes with Heroes, Nations fight ;
And Champions pant to see the Light.
Another *Drake* shall plow the Main ;
And *Marlb'rough's* sent to *Hochstet's* Plain,
Dire Plots, and Murders, thick appear,
But hold,---- I dare no more for Fear ----
'Twould chill Immortals' Blood to hear,

But *Albion*, happy *Albion*, blest
With Pleasures far above the rest ;
No such dark Hours for you I see ;
Immortal Joys reserv'd for thee !

Far happier Days are near at Hand,
Than those when *William* blest the Land.
William, who weary of a Crown,
Tir'd with an earthly Sceptre grown,
Blessing the Place, he left th'Abode,
And from a Man commenc'd a God.
William, whose Designs were great,
Too great for Mortal to compleat ;
And what a Man began you'll see,
Must by a God concluded be.

Venus has left th' *Idalian* Grove,
Paphos no more's the Seat of Love ;
She's with her Sparrows, and her Doves,
And with her *Cestus*, and her Loves,
With Speed to *Windsor's* Forest gone,
Where she intends to fix her Throne,

COURT of NEPTUNE.

21

There *Britons* daily Temples raise,
And fill the Thickets with her Praise.

Apollo, and the tuneful *Nine*,
No longer on *Parnassus* shine ;
But *Cooper's-Hill* is now divine.

Athens, *Minerva's* fav'rite Town,
Yields to *Augustia* her Renown:

She once made other Cities bow,
Augustia's all the Goddesses now.

Since *Ida's* Mount, and *Tempe's* Field,
To *Kensington* and *Hampton* yield ;

All Gods and Goddesses that are
In Heav'n, or Earth ; in Sea, or Air,
To *Albion's* blissful Isle repair.

But lo, our King and blue-ey'd Queen,
And *Thetis's* silver-footed Train.

I would, but can no more reveal -----

But *Neptune* he the rest will tell.

*Neptune, Amphitrite, Thetis, Sea-Gods, and
Nymphs.*

N E P T U N E.

Ye Gods behold, see with respectful Eye,
The God, the God, great *Jove* himself is nigh ;
See how he tow'rs triumphant o'er the Sea ;
His own intrinsick Pow'r commands his Way,
See how he rides along the watry Road,
The Waves are conscious of their glorious Load ;
They know their Passenger, and feel the God.

A M P H I T R I T E.

Thetis, and all your Nymphs marine,
Come, and prepare a Song divine ;

COURT of NEPTUNE. 23

Ev'n *Amphitrite*, *Neptune's* Love,

Will join the Chorus, 'tis for *Jove*.

T H E T I S.

Doris, and all my faithful Train,

That sing, and dance about the Main;

Come, and a Song divine prepare,

It is for *Jove*; for *Jove* is near.

Ev'n *Amphitrite*, *Neptune's* Love,

Will join the Chorus; 'tis for *Jove*.

Jupiter, and his attendant Gods appear at a Distance.
The Nymphs sing.

S O N G.

I.

Come, ye *Nymphs*, ye *Nereids*, come,

Leave your Coral Roofs below;

Leave

24 ALBION : Or *the*

*Leave your splendid pearly Room,
Jove commands your Presence now.*

II.

*See, ye Nymphs, ye Nereids, see,
See the Thund'rer in his Look ;
Th' Approach of awful Majesty ;
Too divine to be mistook.*

III.

*His distant Aspect shows the God,
And his Brows Obedience move ;
So when all the Winds he rode,
Ev'ry Motion spoke him Jove.*

COURT of NEPTUNE. 25

CHORUS.

Come, ye Nymphs, ye Nereids come,

Leave your Coral Roofs below ;

Leave your splendid pearly Room,

Jove commands your Presence now.

*Jupiter passes by, Neptune and his Train follow, while
the Nymphs sing.*

SONG.

Hail, hail to Jove !

'All hail to our great King !

He brings his Blessings from above ;

To Jove alone we sing.

Begin, ye Nymphs, the Song divine ;

Mortal Bards now tune their Lyres ;

26 ALBION: Or the

*To Jove they offer at his Shrine,
Deathless Verse, as he inspires.*

Let not Mortals us excel ;

Sure Immortals sing as well.

Hail, mighty Father, mighty Jove !

Omnipotent ! and Great !

Thrice happy is the Land you love,

Beyond the Reach of Fate.

Tides of Joy, and Blessings flow,

'After you, where-e'er you go.

Happy England, happy Shore,

Where no less than Jove shall reign ;

Wars shall cease, and be no more ;

Saturnian Hours return again.

There shall be the Seat of Rest,

Where the Halcyon builds her Nest.

COURT of NEPTUNE. 27

Wars shall cease ;

Endless Peace

Shall resume its downy Reign ;

Ev'ry Day with Love be crown'd ;

Foys in Circles take their Round ;

Saturnian Hours return again.

Neptune, Nereus, Triton, &c. return.

NEPTUNE.

The Time is come, ye Gods, and this the Land,
Where 'twas foretold Immortals should command ;
Well I remember e'er this World began,
Before the first-created-Birth of Man,
Each God was summon'd to the Realms above,
For some peculiar End ; best known to Jove ;
His Orders giv'n, we to th' *Olympick* Court,
Where the grand Council of the Gods resort,

28 ALBION: Or the

Swift, and obedient, fly at his Command ;
 And big with Expectation round him stand.
 When he, slow rising from his awful Throne,
 Stroking his rev'rend Beard, in mystick Words beg

“ Of the long War, ye Gods, I need not tell,
 “ (You know the fatal Consequence too well.)
 “ How the Gigantick Race attack'd my Wall ;
 “ And the Earth shudder'd at *Ægeon's* Fall :
 “ But that is pass'd. This Day I did behold
 “ In brazen Letters, wrote on Leaves of Gold,
 “ In the large Book of Fate ; and as I read,
 “ These mystick Words I treasur'd in my Head,

“ The Days approach, when *Saturn's* Son sha
 [reig
 “ On Earth, and bring *Saturnian* Hours again ;

“ Whe

COURT of NEPTUNE. 29

When Gods and Goddeſſes their Seats ſhall move,
And ſee a Golden Age brought back by *Jove*,
A Land diſtinguiſh'd from the groſſer Earth,
Shall give the Golden Age a ſecond Birth;
A Land diſtinguiſh'd in the Rolls of Fame,
That from its happy Clime derives its Name.

Thèſe are the Fates; and thus divin'd the God,
And then confirm'd it with the ſacred Nod.

Ye ſee, Immortals, now the Days are come,
That brooding lay ſo long in Fate's dark Womb,
As on the Land ſhall be great *Jove*'s Reſort,
So here, ye Gods marine, ſhall keep your Court.
To you I give your Em'rald Crowns to wear,
And wield aloft your little Tridents here;

While

While with due Care ye keep my strict Command

To guard with Vigilance *Brittania's* Land ;

And when her Fleet the Streamers spread in Air,

Be that, and only that, your chiefest Care ;

From Rocks, be sure, the floating Town to save

And from the Insults of each furious Wave.

Attend the Fleet, whene'er it launches forth,

To either *India*, or the frozen *North*.

You once to *Troy's* Remains alone were true,

Let all your Guard be on *Brittania* now.

The E N D.



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